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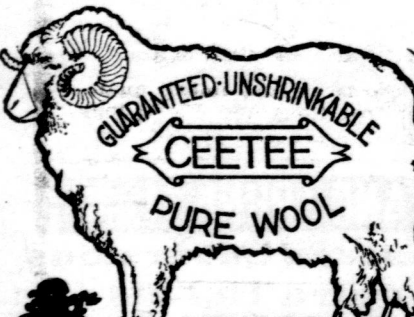
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A BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Bell—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.
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She shrugged her shoulders when she was sitting in a hansom on her way back to Park Lane. This man, rough, simple colonial as he was, interested her immensely. She had met him twice before the day that Clifford Hawke had seen them together in Piccadilly, and because she had hated the financier as bitterly as he, they had struck up a bond of strange friendship, and though he had not revealed fully her suspicion about Clifford Hawke, he had confirmed her suspicion about the former wife in the past. She had not mentioned her real reason for asking—that she had seen Clifford Hawke start at the sight of a faded canvas.

In the meantime Paul Steinway—

"Mr. Smith" waited till it was dark, and then went out for a walk. During his brief stay in Clifford Hawke's office he had used his brains to some purpose, and had, by buying certain shares and selling them again, made a comfortable sum of money, and the unexpected opportunity he had had of effecting himself had suggested a new and more subtle form of revenge against the man who by now was probably congratulating himself upon being free from fear of the past.

As he strolled along the Fulham road wondering what it was that had

made Isobel Frant, the society lady, seek him out and urge him on to crush Clifford Hawke, there was a sudden cry from a girl who stood in the middle of the road, hesitating in the midst of the throng of traffic. It was the work of a moment to dash forward and draw her on to the kerb, and as she turned to thank him he dropped her arm and stared at her stupidly.

"Who—who are you, girl?" he said thickly, "tell me your name quickly."

"My name is Lottie Bond," she said with quiet dignity. "I don't understand why you should ask me."

He flushed suddenly. "I beg your pardon," he said hastily. "You remind me of someone I once knew. I saw her last when she was a girl like you. But you must let me put you in a cab," he went on. "You are trembling all over. I am afraid you are shaken."

"Please, I would rather go in a bus," she replied. "Don't trouble about me."

He smiled gravely. "I must. For the sake of that someone you remind me of I must see that you run no further risk of being hurt."

As he put her in the hansom he had hailed, he glanced at her again. There was something peculiarly fascinating in the sweet face in its frame of light brown hair, and the wistful blue eyes stirred him, strangely. She was poor, but neatly dressed, and he wondered whether he would ever see her again.

"Where shall I tell the man to go to?" he said.

"Vincent Buildings, Westminster," she replied, then added, "and thank you very much."

He held out his hand.

"May I post that letter for you? It will save you the trouble."

She gave him the letter with a little smile. "Thank you. You won't forget it, will you? It is very important."

As the cab drove off Paul Steinway glanced after it thoughtfully.

"Vincent Buildings, Westminster, and her name is Lottie Bond," he murmured. "When I saw her I thought it was Alys Tennant, that blackguard Hawke's first wife, come back from the grave after twenty years!" Then he glanced at the letter in his hand.

"I'll post this at once; the poor little girl must be writing for a billet."

He looked casually at the address as he slipped it into a neighboring pillar box, then uttered an exclamation. It was addressed to "Mrs. Clifford Hawke, Hotel Ritz, Paris."

"What has this girl to do with Clifford Hawke's second wife," he muttered. "Was it something stronger than accident that made me meet her tonight?"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Man With the Scar.

In the pretty little Devonshire town of Paignton, Mr. Wellington Scaw was enjoying himself hugely. The sea was delightful, and he used to sit on the pier sometimes and shudder at the thought of returning to Scotland Yard and his duties there. But he had a most completed his inquiries in Paignton, and now, seated in the shade of one of the many covered little shelters on the front, he took out his notebook and glanced through it thoughtfully, coming the items to himself in an audible voice.

"A Mrs. Ford and her baby stayed at No. 10, Freeman street, for two years. She was a widow and lived a quiet life, seeing no visitors and going nowhere, and telling no one about herself."

He turned the page and went on in the same manner.

"Once a man called to see Mrs. Ford, a tall dark man. He stayed three days in the place, and it was noticed that Mrs. Ford was very sad for some time afterwards, and from that time she wore black."

Then he took out of the pocket of the book a folded sheet of paper. It was a birth certificate, and stated that a female child had been christened at the church of St. John, on December the sixth, eighteen eighty-eight, and the name of the child was Carlotta."

Mr. Scaw folded the paper and put it back into the pocket book, then he sat and gazed out to the sea.

"Then the girl should be about nineteen if she is. I should very much like to know what became of her eventually. The mother left these parts when the child was two years old and left no trace behind her, it seems. I am tracing her—if I ever do. It's a pity all those letters were stolen from Mr. Tennant; it would have been easier to discover the mysterious Mrs. Ford, whose name might be anything."

Presently he rose and strolled along the pier, and then, after having exhausted the attractions to be found there, he left it for the now almost solitary beach. He had struck up an acquaintance with an old fisherman who had a cottage close by, and his steps took him that way almost unconsciously. The old man, whose name was Peter Crane, was about the oldest inhabitant of Paignton, and though he cultivated the old "salt" for his own sake, Mr. Scaw also had an eye to his business.

As he near the cottage, Peter Crane came out and greeted him cheerfully.

"Yes, I shall be sorry to leave your pleasant little watering place," the detective said slowly. "London will seem very ugly by comparison."

The old salt nodded sympathetically. "Ay, that's true, sir; them as comes to these parts don't want to leave them in a hurry. May be you'll be coming back."

"I don't know, but if ever I do, Peter, I will come and see you. I suppose you have lived here all your life?"

"Nearly all, sir," the old man answered, "but in that time I've seen a few strange things happen even in these parts!"

"Anything exciting?" the detective said, taking out his cigar case and handing it to his old companion. "Some yes, and some not; but one thing stands out as clear as clear, even now after all those years."

"What was that? A wreck?" queried Mr. Scaw carelessly.

"No, not a wreck, sir, but an accident to a private party that at the time I was inclined to believe was meant to be a murder," the old gossip answered.

The light sprang suddenly into the detective's eyes. "A murder!" he exclaimed, "how did it happen?"

"It was high on twenty years ago now, sir, but I can recollect it as plain as plain even now. I was in charge of some boats on the beach, and one day in the summer a gentleman and lady hired one of the boats from me, and the gentleman refused to let me go out with them, as he said he could manage it himself. About a couple of hours afterwards I grew anxious about them, when the boat didn't turn up, and set out in another boat in search of them."

He paused and wiped his mouth reflectively. "Well, I found the boat lying keel upwards, and quite close by some rocks that the tide was quickly covering, I found the lady unconscious—but the gentleman had vanished."

The detective stared at him wonderingly. "Vanished? How on earth do you make that out?"

"I don't know, sir; I only know that the gentleman was not to be seen, and the lady and the boat had disappeared. To my mind it looked as though it had been a purpose. The rocks were slippery, and she might have fallen; but it was a blow that had knocked her down, and it struck me that the gentleman had meant to kill her."

Mr. Scaw was silent. In the old sailor's story he saw a sudden possibility in connection with his own quest.

"I suppose it's so long ago that you don't remember what the couple were like?" he said presently.

"The lady was very young and fair,

and the gentleman was tall and dark. But I'm wasting your time, sir," he went on. "I can't leave off when once I begin."

"I am very much interested," the detective said quickly. "Do you know if the gentleman was ever found?"

The old man shook his head. "No, sir, I don't; his body was never washed ashore in these parts, and I've allus 'ad strong ideas as he was never drowned! The poor young lady got better, but to all questions she would say she couldn't remember, and shortly after she left the place, and the whole thing was forgotten. I've not talked about it since, sir."

Mr. Scaw drew a coin from his pocket. "You must be thirsty after our long conversation, and I should like a little mild refreshment myself. Can we get anything about here?"

"If you'll accept what I've got in my little place, sir, you're welcome; there's not much, but what there is is all right."

As they entered the cottage Mr. Scaw put down the coin on the table, where the old man would find it after he had gone, and then, seeing he was gazing wistfully at the paper that was sticking out of his pocket, he drew it out and handed it to him.

"This is the London Daily Reformer. Would you care to have it? It is illustrated."

The old man seized on it eagerly. "Thank you, sir, I don't often get the London papers."

As Mr. Scaw turned to pick up his drink, he heard an excited cry come from his host, who was gazing at the sheet of the paper with amazement in his weather-beaten old face.

"What is it?" the detective said. "Found a missing relation?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm fairly mottled and puzzled, but if this 'ere chap isn't the living image of him what we was just talkin' about a few moments ago, I could eat my fat."

The detective looked over his shoulder. There was a group of illustrations, and he could see no particular one that could have reminded the old man of his conversation.

(To be Continued.)

Presentation to a Former Londoner

The Aylmer Express says of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Learn, of that place:

A great surprise awaited Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Learn upon their return on Saturday afternoon last from a visit to Mr. Learn's brother, at Vassar, Mich., and other friends in different parts of the state. No sign of what friends had arranged in honor of their home-coming and in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding was visible as the travellers reached the house, but a sudden change of appearance which a house untenanted for some weeks would ordinarily present, they were received most cordially by some thirty of their friends in the living room, where cheerful fire, shaded light and a general scheme of decorations lent an added charm to the greetings. After the home-coming had removed the signs of travel, a very tempting repast was served in the dining-room, also beautifully decorated and lighted by yellow candles and Chinese lanterns, carrying out the color scheme, which was golden. Lunch being over, Mr. and Mrs. Learn were escorted by the entire company to the parlor, where ex-Reeve Wm. Hare, in well chosen words, expressed the pleasure which those present experienced at being able to bestow congratulations and good wishes upon the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Hare then called upon Miss Minnie Beemer, who read the following address:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Learn:

A few of your friends have come here today to extend to you our congratulations and best wishes on this the fiftieth anniversary of your marriage. We thank our Heavenly Father that he has brought you both safely along the pathway of life thus far, and pray that you and all the friends here assembled may be spared to meet at your diamond wedding. Mrs. Learn, we now ask you to accept this gold clock and these golden candlesticks as a slight token of love and esteem in which you are held by us. We ask you, Mr. Learn, to accept this gold-mounted umbrella as a shelter from both storm and sunshine. May our Heavenly Father guide and protect you both through the remaining years of your life, and grant that we may all meet in that house of many mansions prepared by him who has gone before.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Learn were much overcome they managed to express their thanks and appreciation of the kindness extended. Besides the presents mentioned they were the recipients of beautiful presents at gatherings in their honor at Detroit, Vassar, and Marlette. From her children Mrs. Learn received a beautiful gold chain and pendant, and brooch containing a pearl for each year of her life, and Mr. Learn was given a set of gold cuff links. The evening was brought to a close by the company joining hands and singing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Mr. and Mrs. Learn are former Londoners, and Mrs. James W. Westervelt, of this city, is their daughter.

Calgary, Oct. 12.—The charge of criminal libel preferred by R. C. Edwards, of the Eye-Opener, against Dan McGillicuddy, was adjourned this morning until Friday.

The Danger Of Piles

AND THE CERTAINTY WITH WHICH THIS OBSTINATE DISEASE IS CURED BY

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

It is a mistake to look on piles or hemorrhoids as merely an annoyance, for they are serious and dangerous as well, and in their chronic or aggravated form have been known to result in the ruin of health.

The cause of piles is very different in different cases, but there is always relief and with regular treatment thorough cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is nothing severe or disagreeable about this treatment, for by its soothing influence it helps almost as soon as applied. You feel the benefit, and know for a certainty that it is doing you good.

On the circular which goes with every box of Dr. Chase's Ointment are given full instructions as to the use of the ointment for itching, bleeding and protruding piles, and itching skin diseases. If you follow directions, we guarantee satisfaction as a treatment for every form of piles.

Mr. D. MacVicar, Caledonia Mines, N. S., writes: "For years I was troubled with bleeding, protruding piles and could not obtain a cure. I would be laid off work for weeks. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me."

Mr. J. Mawer, Roden, Man., writes: "I had itching piles for five years, and the doctor told me there was no cure for me and that I would have to undergo an operation. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me in one week. As this was six months ago and there has been no return of the old trouble, I believe that the cure is a permanent one."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has an unparalleled record of cures; 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DREYFUS WINS AGAIN.

Paris, Oct. 12.—Major Dreyfus has forced the Patrie, under threats of prosecution, to print his answers to the charges which the Patrie and other French papers have made against him in a campaign which they have been carrying on in connection with the decision of the court of cassation.



Girlhood Vigor Regained.

The difficulty with most women lies in the fact that while they are anxious about the health and welfare of their family and loved ones, they rarely ever pay attention to themselves until Nature says Stop. To prevent this every woman should take Psychine regularly. It creates an appetite and is the greatest of digestants. Psychine is a boon to run-down, tired and over-worked women, for there is LIFE IN EVERY DOSE. Mrs. J. T. Miller, of 63 Notre Dame St., Winnipeg, proved this, for she says: "I am thankful for what Psychine has done for me. I was laid up with weakness. Oh, how I suffered. My appetite was very poor and my stomach was greatly disordered. To-day I am strong and well, for Psychine has brought me permanent relief. I feel like a new woman now to what I did before taking Psychine. I feel the vigor of girlhood in my veins once more."

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